

WASHING DAY FOR THE LAMBS.

THEY GATHER AT THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

One of Them Comes to Grief in a Horse Race in a Choppy Sea, but is Finally Rescued by Fellow Lambs With the Utmost Skill, Courage and Discrimination.

It was the day of the annual wash and shearing yesterday for the members of the Lambs' Club, and the Larchmont yacht club folks placed their whole office at the disposal of the actors in which to perform the sacred ritual. The wash was a form nowadays, and most of the Lambs were so afraid of swallowing some of the sound that they wouldn't wash at all, but grounded on the Larchmont bar, inside the clubhouse, and refused all offers from the commodore and able seamen for a tow. The only salvage of the day was that collected by DeWolf Hopper, for rescuing Dinkelspiel, who had been carried to sea on a floating hobby horse.

Dinkelspiel was one of the few lambs who had enough of the spirit of tradition in him to really venture a wash without the aid of a valet. He was tempted by a lot of barrels floating at the anchorage, with saddles painted on the staves, horses' heads nailed to the ends and tails to the other. He challenged any lamb to a horse race, and Billy Ernst, the dramatist, George Bales, a manager, and Samuel Harburger, a philanthropist, took him up. There were only these four entries, with Dinkelspiel an odds-on favorite, because there was no chance of his sinking. But it was a put up job. Dinkelspiel, wearing the green silk suit, a pair of borrowed swimming trunks, and a hat that had been on a smaller man, jockeyed for a start and cleared the end of the float, whereupon the others calmly climbed ashore and remarked to Hobart that they had been left at the post, but that he might go right ahead and have a good time, seeing that he seemed to think such a devil a lot of water. Dramatist, Manager and Philanthropist only backed to the bar at an easy canter. Philanthropist winning by a nose. In the meantime an off-shore current had caught the Dinkelspiel barrel and he began to beat for help.

"Soon he'll be but a tiny speck on the throbbing sea," chuckled Frank Doane, the only comedian with a yachting cap who owns a real yacht.

"Speak, no! speak!" exclaimed Stanley Hawkins, the tenor. "Long Island Sound isn't wide enough to make Dinkley look like a speck. Notice how the silk is shrinking on his forehead."

Joe Weber took possession of the spyglass swivelled on the clubhouse piazza and charged 10 cents a look to gaze at the rapidly receding Dinkelspiel.

"He'll make Long Island with that barrel on the bit!" yelled Ned McKaye. "Ten to seven that he won't get back to the barge."

"Even money he won't wash again," said Ed Brees, offering to make a book. Dinkelspiel, who had been in the water, broke the water, and for a moment it was hard to distinguish between the choppy water of the green sea and the green silk of the jockey. There was some doubt as to whether the paddock as to whether the rider or the barrel was on top. But DeWolf Hopper, with his eye at the glass (spyglass), allayed all fears with the announcement that he could see Dinkley himself, because the silk had split up the back.

"His trunk are away," shouted DeWolf Hopper, refusing to give up his place at the glass. "There goes the left leg. He's under jury rig, and if any jury catches him in that rig it's conviction. He's pulled out the horse's tail. He's wrapping the tail about him. This is shameful. He's pulled out the horse's head and is using it as a car, trying to make that barrel point to the northward. Joe Weber, you ought to be ashamed to sell looks at this horse race. He's trying to go into the barrel. There goes the right leg. He's tight. He'll be ruled out now when he weighs in."

"This time Sam Harburger, the philanthropist, was nervous and called for a volunteer crew to rescue Dinkelspiel. DeWolf Hopper, knowing more about the serious nature of the situation than anybody else, was made commander of the crew, with Wilton Lackaye as first mate. Dinkelspiel's own clothes and a two hours' supply of water were taken aboard the launch, and the rescuing party set out to chase the barrel.

"They caught it going east on the tide, and Dinkelspiel yelled Dinkelspiel, asking him why he went away before the clam-bake."

"Come alongside, will you?" asked Hobart, rearranging his horsetail girle. "No, Dinkley, you are not dressed for company," said Lackaye, throwing the lever of the launch over to the full speed notch and remarking to the man on the barrel that dinner would be ready in two hours and also suggesting that he might find it tough going through the water.

"Help," shouted the jockey. "Take me in and I'll buy."

"You can't come aboard among gentlemen and commodore until you're dressed," said Stanley Hawkins, throwing Dinkelspiel one of his own socks. "Put that on without faking off the barrel."

Hobart grabbed the sock and got his right foot on the barrel. Then he got it into the sock. But the rescuers declared that it was a left sock and that it was out of balance on the other side and put it on the other foot. A catboat with a lot of women aboard came along, and Dinkelspiel slipped into the sea, supporting himself temporarily by holding onto the rim of the barrel. Hopper wouldn't let him emerge till the catboat had latched on to the barrel. He threw the barrel. Then the other sock was thrown to him and he got it on.

"Make those hose stays tail on your booms there," sternly commanded the leader of the rescuers as Dinkelspiel reached out appealingly for his trousers. Hobart tightened up the garters and then asked if he couldn't have the whole outfit sent to him. But his shirt was thrown to him, and he had to put that on. Then a collar and a tie. He was still as dead as the barrel in a choppy sea with horses' tails as a canopy when he fixed his cravat, but Hopper didn't like the knot. A vote was taken in the launch, and it was unanimously decided that Dinkelspiel must tie the cravat over again before the work of rescue could go any further.

Dinkelspiel, with his trousers next, handed to him on the end of a rope. He threw away the horse's tail with the air of a man who had just been rescued after seven weeks on a raft. He got his right leg in very cleverly, but when he gingerly threw the left leg over, side saddle fashion, to finish the job of putting on the garment his barrel rolled and Dinkelspiel went into the Round. Lackaye caught him on a boat hook and pulled him aboard after he had promised never to go to the water again. The launch was a choppy sea with horses' tails as a canopy when he fixed his cravat, but Hopper didn't like the knot. A vote was taken in the launch, and it was unanimously decided that Dinkelspiel must tie the cravat over again before the work of rescue could go any further.

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BRANCH AT LONG BEACH, L. I.

said Lackaye. "Companionship without any South Dakota in it. Lackaye improvising and repeating the words in advance: 'Too much toll with no vacation justifies a slight libation: So here's a toast, now drain your glasses. You're the only one in the class. There was also a stanza denouncing both war and work as needless. 'Who's your friend Edward of Rhode Island?' asked a tragedian returning to the log."

"That," said Frank Unger, haughtily, is the guest of Edward, King of England, Rex Imperator, not Rhode Island. 'And who is it, E. Williams?' asked Frank Belcher. 'My friend Kaiser Emperor,' replied Unger, with enough ice in his tone for a highball. 'That's what somebody thought anyhow, so they all drank to the health of the Atlantic. 'It's a grand affair,' said DeWolf Hopper, meaning the yacht. 'It makes the St. Regis look like an Italian fruit stand. But the automobile for mine.'"

On the way back to the float they visited Frank Doane's Katonah, and by the time they did finally reach shore Dinkelspiel's clothes were almost dry. "It's a ball game with a pyramid of cannon balls for first base and potted plants for second and third. Ed Kemble, the artist who has done so much to solve the race problem for the South, was umpire."

MAN DEAD IN THE SHAFT.

Disappeared in Apartment House on Monday Night—Janitor Arrested.

Joseph Wyk, 26 years old, a colored elevator man employed in an apartment house at 608 West 124th street, disappeared at 10 o'clock Monday night while on duty and was found at 9 o'clock last night at the bottom of the elevator shaft with his neck broken. The janitor of the building, John Goetz, 46 years old, was locked up on suspicion that he might know something about Wyk's death.

Wyk lived at 316 West 118th street. Early this morning his brother-in-law, Horace Brown, who lives at the same address, asked Sgt. Maher of the West 126th street police station to send out a general alarm for Wyk. Brown also suggested that a search be made of the apartment house, adding that Wyk did not get along well with the janitor.

Detectives were sent over to the house. They got a light and went down to the bottom of the elevator shaft where they found Wyk's body in a heap in a corner, head down. He had apparently fallen down the shaft. The janitor, Goetz, admitted that he had had to scold Wyk frequently. A tenant of the house said that she saw Wyk at 9:30 o'clock, Monday night. Another girl who lives in the building said that he fell at 10 o'clock and got no response.

BROTHERS STRUCK BY CAR.

One Little Chap Killed on Grand Street; Other Escapes With Bruises.

A Grand street car ran over and killed six-year-old Abraham Waskewsky of 338 Henry street last night at the corner of Grand and Columbia streets. The boy and his brother Herman, aged 9, started to cross Grand street. A wagon was driving east. They waited for the wagon to pass and stepped in front of a west bound car driven by Hyman Clement, 21 years old, of 22 West 106th street.

Herman saw the car and dodged back, attempting to draw his brother out of danger. He was knocked to one side by the car, which caught little Abraham as he stepped into the street. The car rolled over him some feet before it could be brought to a stop. The child was dead when freed from the car. Herman escaped with bruises. A crowd gathered and tried to attack the motorman. Clement was rescued by several policemen and locked up in the Delancy street police station on a charge of homicide.

Marshall Field's Daughter Gets \$857,000 Worth of Bonds and Stocks.

CHICAGO, June 26.—Judge Walker today entered a decree by which Mrs. Ethel Field Beatty receives legal possession of \$857,000 worth of railroad stocks and bonds left by the late Marshall Field, her father. For several years Mrs. Beatty has made her home in London, England, with her husband, David Beatty.

The United States Trust Company of New York has possession of the bonds. It was shown that Mr. Field, shortly before his death, placed the securities with the trust company, together with a receipt. He also left a memorandum that the bonds were the property of his daughter.

OBITUARY.

Alexander Haefner died at his home, 197 Maple street, Richmond Hill, on Monday night. He was born in Bavaria 79 years ago and lived in this country for many years. He was a young man. For many years he was a designer and cutter for Brooks Brothers. He is survived by his wife and four children. Mrs. Haefner, Mrs. Elizabeth Sanner, Mrs. Josephine Rebeck and Mrs. Katherine Ward. He was buried at the Woodlawn cemetery.

Judge Nathaniel Shipman, one of the best known jurists in Connecticut, died yesterday at Hartford, aged 75. He was born in 1813 in the United States of America. He was educated at Yale and at the law school of the University of Connecticut. He was appointed United States District Judge for Connecticut and retained that position until appointed to the bench of the Circuit Court.

Patrick Mara, the father of Patrick J. Mara, a Democratic leader in Flushing, Queens borough, died yesterday at his home in Ireland 90 years ago. For years he was a bridge builder at Strong's bridge over Flushing creek.

Carter-Rush.

PHILADELPHIA, June 26.—In the presence of the immediate relatives only, Miss Alice Bowlin Rush today became the wife of Julius Stuart Carter of Baltimore at the historic St. David's Church, Radnor. The Rev. George, assisted by the Rev. James Lamb, rector of St. David's, performed the ceremony. The bride was Miss Alice Bowlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Rush of Baltimore and a brother of Mrs. Ernest Law.

PIGTOWN PINES FOR COLER.

ALL THE THINGS THAT MAYOR COLANDRIELLO STANDS FOR.

Sixty Half Barrels and Thirty-two Kegs of Beer Among Them—He Is Also Seconded by Johnny-From-the-Bush as Tapper—Will Bird S. Never Come.

Pigtown-on-the-Pike, that rented part of Flatbush just east of the Kings County Penitentiary, and known also as Little Italy and Crow Hill, awoke yesterday morning with a thrill and announced to itself in Italian, "To-day's the day!" For Contractor Tommy Calandriello, the "Mayor" of Pigtown—cognizant that things political were inert and election was approaching—had announced that yesterday he would stand for a whole day of parades, fireworks, a raffle, dance, strings of cheestnuts, and Bird S. Coler.

When the bounteous and best Borough President Brooklyn ever acquired told Mayor Calandriello he would try to be among those present at the Mayor's party, Tommy, intoxicated with success, decided straightway to go the limit and ask Senator Pat McCarran to sit at Mr. Coler's right on the gorgeous smokers' stand erected in front of the Mayor's saloon. Then the Italian leader got the inviting habit, with the result that on the eve of yesterday's celebration Mayor Calandriello, standing back of his bar and with his right hand solemnly raised, kissed the cash register and swore to his awe-struck cohorts that on the platform, besides himself, Coler and McCarran, would be Democratic Leader Henry Heisterberg and Republican Leader Kracke of the Eighteenth Assembly district, Deputy Collector McCooey, Alderman Hand, Police Captains Toole and Reynolds and Pete Froscia, the barber.

Not since the body of a murdered man was found on the hill overlooking Pigtown-on-the-Pike last month has there been such a delirium of excitement as that which greeted the posting, back of Mayor Tommy's bar, of the list of notables expected at yesterday's racket. Malbone street in the vicinity of Nostrand avenue was a mass of American and Italian bunting. Arches of red, white and green lights glowed from curb to curb and tables groaning with plates of pink watermelon, pineapple, strings of cheestnuts and strings of Coler buttons rose as if by magic.

In the morning light Italian cluermen of Pigtown, uniformed like the Indian durbars, began to saunter along the sidewalk. Rosie de Prisco, belle of Pigtown, blossomed out early and, daintily picking her steps across the street, let all the world know that they are also kind, well-dressed running-around, like barber poles, and on the glowing speakers' stand was a chair gay with tinsel for Mr. Coler, and decorated at the back with a picture of St. John and a flag formed by eighteen lighted candles, with five more to represent stars—which, by addition, make 23.

"Why-a da cele rash?" repeated Mayor Tommy. "Tell-a da papa! everthing-a slow. Fall-a cleash-a come. Give-a da celebrant jolla along-a gang. Ale-a jolla along-a da gang—just like Signor Bird-a Cole. Good-a politeks."

"And don't forget t' say a word for John P. Malloy, Johnnie-from-the-Bush," interrupted Signor Malloy, one of the residents of Flatbush's Little Italy, who speaks English with only a slight accent. "Sixty half barrels 'o beer an' thirty-two kegs, an' all brought by good ol' Tommy, an' Pigtown—put 'o there, good ol' Tommy! Every keg tapped by John P. Malloy. Put that down, kid—every keg tapped by Johnnie-from-the-Bush."

"An' write down all about the fancy chair for Bird," added Signor Dan Higgins, another member of Calandriello's Eighteenth District Italian Club. "That's it," he went on in subdued tones, as he reached up and reverently patted the seat of the chair. "That's the chair that'll hold t'night the form of Bird S. Coler."

Hours must intervene, however, before the joyous moment would arrive when the immortal written scraps of some incident of injustice in which Stevenson says: "But the race of man was born tyrannical; doubtless Adam beat Eve and when all the rest are dead the last man will be found beating the last dog."

Howard A. Kelly, the writer of the new book "Water Red and Yellow Fever," says of Major Reed's life in the fact that, though a man of war, he ravaged no distant lands, he destroyed no tens of thousands to make his reputation, but by quiet methods made there was no strife he saved countless lives and swept away a hideous plague which from the immemorial had periodically visited our shores, devastated our fair land and too often snatched from the years of peace and plenty all their blessings."

The Bookman's July department devoted to Education summed up the argument that may be presented against the granting of academic degrees. The writer, Edward E. Hale, Jr., pronounces college degrees a product of medievalism and entirely in keeping with the general turn of the medieval mind. He suggests that "university degrees, honorary and ordinary, might be for the future relegated to the place where the evidential parchment is usually relegated, namely, no one knows where. The test of a college education will then be that a man who has been to college will be different from one who has not. If that difference can be really made, he will not want a degree; if it cannot, he should not have one."

Maubel Osgood Wright dedicates her new book, "The Garden, You and I," to the "Literary Gardeners of Redding," which calls attention to the little Connecticut town and its literary colony. Albert Bigelow Paine is said to have discovered it and secured a farm for his home there. Last year Mark Twain bought a farm in Redding from Mr. Paine's home. Miss Gilder of the Critic has a place in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Kate V. Saint Maur, whose book "A Self-Supporting Home" has sent many people to the country, lives on the road that leads down from Mr. Clemens's place to the mill pond.

The question of women's work and its relation to the labor market has been treated in two of the late novels, "The Pathway of the Pioneer" and "Ring in the New." Sir Walter Besant several years ago in "The Endowment of the Daughter" urged it as the duty of all parents to emigrate their "dot" young women. It has been said that Sir Walter did not carry out his own principles, an erroneous impression arising from the fact that long before he died he placed the larger part of his savings in the hands of trustees for the benefit of his wife and daughters, thus leaving only a small sum in his will. Both the daughters were well provided for and are now happily married.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

That books are treated by the trade very much as any other commodity is evidenced anew by the various reasons ascribed by publishers for the dulness of the present book season. Some publishers frankly attribute it to the condition of the stock market; others to the vast amounts of money sent to San Francisco, and still others to the great disaster itself and the sadness and seriousness it has caused throughout the country. There are those who admit that the books themselves are poor. The output has been great but the quality inferior, and what important and great books have been brought out during the year. Still others account for it on the ground that the reading public is fickle and that there is no accounting for it at all—that the publisher who was a prophet as well and could understand the situation would cease to be a publisher and join the ranks of the multimillionaires.

One of the books promised for autumn publication will be entitled "Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant—Unpublished Letters and Other Mementoes." "No one," said Lesmondre, "could really know Mme. de Staël as she is seen here with Benjamin Constant, and he was only at his best when with her." A great-granddaughter of Mme. Constant has unearthed some hitherto unpublished letters written by Mme. de Staël, in which in the midst of her keen interest in politics and suggestions on drawing up the Constitution breaks out her passionate cry against her most constant of Constants who has ruined her life.

Julia Scott Vrooman's article in the July Century on the friendship of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simonau, the keeper of the Bohemian restaurant in Monterey, adds fresh and interesting material to Stevensoniana. M. Simonau still lives in Monterey and counts among his treasures a set of the author's works, each volume bearing on the flyleaf a typical inscription written for the most part in French and kept in an iron box. Among them is one evidently written across of some incident of injustice in which Stevenson says: "But the race of man was born tyrannical; doubtless Adam beat Eve and when all the rest are dead the last man will be found beating the last dog."

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few years—a record number for any private collector. Since 1902 the Americans have bought up, counted in British hands, but it is consoling to British prejudice to know that thirty-two copies are in public institutions, whence untold gold will not be able to extract them.

The Bookman's list of "best sellers" gives "Fenwick's Career" first place, with 250 points; "Lady Baltimore" a close second with 221 points; "The Spoilers" drops to 177 points, and "Pam Decides," "The Woman in the Alcove" and "The Jungle" follow in the order given. In Minneapolis "Fenwick's Career" is not included in the list of favorites, but in St. Paul it has third place. In Birmingham, Ala.; Rochester, Salt Lake City, Spokane and Tucson, Ariz., Mrs. Ward's novel is apparently unappreciated, since it is not in the lists. Following these reports of the popularity of certain books as evidenced by the demand for them it is easy to understand why publishers are so loath in making forecasts as to the success of a story. The showing demonstrates the fact that the bringing out of a book, even one of so much dignity as Mrs. Ward's carefully written fiction, is as much of a gamble as raising a racehorse or taking a flyer in the Street.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's latest story, based on the career of Joan of Arc, calls attention to the fact that there exists a sworn narrative of the private and public life of the maid of Domremy. Twenty years after her death Charles VII. ordered an investigation made and two years later the Joan's mother appealed to the Pope. The case dragged along until 1456, when more than a hundred witnesses were examined and with solemn religious ceremonies a new sentence was proclaimed. For nearly 400 years the record of the trial was buried in the official archives of France, when Quicherat gave it to the world in five volumes of modern French. The substance of the pathetic narrative has been done into English, but it is little known to the world.

DO NOT WANT OPEN SHOP.

Building Trades Employers Likely to Settle With Painters.

The executive committee of the General Arbitration Board will take up to-morrow the question of resuming negotiations between the Brotherhood of Painters and the Master Painters' Association. The substance of the settlement of the present trouble. The matter came up before the general arbitration board, but the employers were dilatory to consider any negotiation unless the painters declare their strike off first.

It was said on behalf of the Building Trades Employers' Association that the union and never had the desire to introduce the open shop in the building trades. In trades where the open shop is introduced, it was because the unions persisted in maintaining on strike in violation of the arbitration agreement. The general belief yesterday was that there will be a settlement with the Brotherhood of Painters, although the open shop has been declared in the trade. Meantime the Amalgamated Building Society is considering the place of the strikers with its members wherever it has an opportunity.

ELECTION CASES FALL THROUGH.

Innocent Proof Against Notary Who Certified to Jerome Petitions.

Max Finkelshtein, 32 years old, of 80 Allen street, a notary, was acquitted yesterday in Special Sessions upon two out of three charges of making false notarial certifications of signatures for District Attorney Jerome on the election petition. He was acquitted on the charge of making a false certification of signature on a petition for a writ of habeas corpus, and on the charge of making a false certification of signature on a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. The hearing on the third charge was postponed.

After a long consultation between Justices Olcott, McAvoy and Deane the Court ruled that the defendant was acquitted because of improper preparation of the cases in the District Attorney's office. Deputy Assistant District Attorney White-side in asking for an adjournment admitted that witnesses had left the court room before their testimony had been completed, thus preventing a complete presentation of the case.

9 TO 3 FOR ROCKEFELLER.

Hulpin's Captain Not Convicted of Registration Fraud.

A jury in General Sessions disagreed yesterday on the question of whether John Rockefeller, the captain of the Fifth Election district of the old Ninth Assembly district, of which William Hulpin is leader, procured a man to vote at the last election. Rockefeller has been on trial before Judge Roskelly and the jury stood nine to three for acquittal.

It was charged that Rockefeller got William Farrar to vote under the name of William Rockefeller, Jr. Farrar is not serving a year in the penitentiary, and was a witness against Rockefeller, who was prosecuted by the Attorney-General's office. Rockefeller was released on \$2,000 bail.

SIFTING HEDDEN SCANDAL.

Magistrate Furlong Is Examined by the Grand Jury.

Magistrate Henry E. Furlong was before the Grand Jury in Brooklyn for two hours yesterday to explain his connection with the Mary Hedden scandal. On leaving the Grand Jury room he said he had placed the girl on probation and sent her to Court-away Beach to bring about her reformation if possible. She was removed, he said, from the surroundings in East New York to a new community and put in the charge of highly respectable people. Frank Grossbard, on whom some recollections were cast during a recent trial of the Hedden girl for larceny, was also examined by the Grand Jury.

TO MAKE ARMY'S CLOTHES FIT

BRITISH MILITARY TAILOR LANDS HERE UNRESISTED.

Knows Our Men Can Be Made to Look Like Soldiers—Won't Go Into Details, but Suggests That Such a Process Would Be Expensive if Applied to the Officers.

George B. Winter, the English tailor who is to make our soldiers' clothes fit arrived here last night on the steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm looking as trim as an English military tailor ought to look. Everybody who took notice agreed that he was the most noticeably attired man on the ship.

Just what Mr. Winter will propose doing to the uniforms of Uncle Sam's soldiers before he gets through with them he would not say, but he did say that new uniforms would stand the officers in at least \$600 and that perhaps some of them would have to pay out \$1,000. As will be seen below his contract relates to patterns for uniforms of enlisted men only.

"What do we propose to do?" asked the tailor. "Why, we hope to make the men look like officers and the officers look like generals." He didn't say whether the remark was a joke or not.

"Of course we have excellent material to work on," he went on. "I haven't seen many of your troops, but I know that they are well put up and that they can be made to look like soldiers. As for the materials of which the uniforms of the privates of the United States army are made there are no better in the world."

Mr. Winter declined to go into a discussion of the deficiencies in the present uniform. He must have time to study the matter.

This is by no means Mr. Winter's first trip to America. He has been here more than thirty times, he said.

He did not know that certain persons had declared their intention of protesting against the Government engaging his services and said that if such were the case the kick must have come through rival tailors—"My friends on Fifth avenue," he styled them.

The tailor wore a blue serge suit. The coat was cut medium length and fitted the figure snugly. There was no padding in the shoulders. It was single-breasted and straight at the corners. The sleeves were small. His trousers were cut straight at the bottoms and were about eighteen inches at the knee. A white waistcoat, tan shoes, a gray derby hat and a purple necktie completed his outer attire.

Mr. Winter's son was in gray serge. His clothes were cut like his father's, except that his trousers were finished at the bottom with a cuff. Both men carried bamboo canes and wore charcoal skin gloves.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The War Department in a letter today to Harvey Patterson of the New York Association of Tailors, which protested to the department against the hiring of George W. Winter a London tailor, to show the Government tailors how to put clothes together, makes extended explanations. The letter is signed by Acting Secretary of War Oliver. Gen. Oliver says that the press reports failed to state correctly the object of Mr. Winter's visit. He says:

Replying to your letter of the 20th instant, protesting against the employment of Mr. G. W. Winter by the Quartermaster's Department in connection with army uniform work, I beg to advise you that the clipping which you enclose fails to correctly state the object of Mr. Winter's visit. His services were not engaged to construct new models for uniforms or to make the slightest change in them. He is only to revise and modify the patterns by which the clothing is cut, with the idea of improving the set of garments, and introducing into their general appearance a more distinctly military effect, and to make samples of the same from his patterns, but according to our established specifications. These were to be made, and it is understood, have been made in London and shipped to the United States. Mr. Winter was to send the completed samples and patterns to this country, and himself follow up the matter personally make any explanations to the foreman cutter at the Philadelphia depot necessary to a complete understanding of the patterns and an intelligent application of them to the use of the designs. This explanation of instruction on the use of the articles made in London and shipped here is the only service for which Mr. Winter is to perform in this country in this connection.

It may be further added that the samples and patterns are entirely for uniforms for enlisted men, which are entirely manufactured under contract and in which it is not seen how for winter by the Quartermaster's Department. I have written you thus at length in order that the situation may be fully understood, and to remove from your mind a misapprehension produced by the article in question.

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